

## "The friend of summer"

I fall, i fall from the heaven  
for the beautiful sevens

It feeds the crops  
which leads the price

I am the friend for the people  
for whom i am a gift

By the lord, By the nature  
for the people, for the future.

I waters the plants and,  
It chatters with glands

It falls on the dry  
for whom it was a cry

I form by the chain  
for the veins of the plains  
I plays with the blys  
who cries when i blies

by E BRAHIM - D

\* "Sevens" = crust, mantle, core, etc  
the earth's layers.